Drowned Mariner;

OR, THE

Low-lands of Holland hath twin'd my Love and me.

To which are added,

The Jolly Sailor's Wedding.

The Sporting Hay-Makers.

ABSENT JOCKEY.

Entered according to Order,

THE LOW-LANDS OF HOLLAND hath twin'd my LOVE and ME.

THE love that I have choſen,
I'll therewith be content,
The ſalt ſea ſhall be frozen,
before that I repent;
Repent it ſhall I never,
until the day I die,
But the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

My love is on the ſalt ſea,
and I'm upon the ſide.
'Nough to break a young thing's heart,
who lately was a bride,
Who lately was a bonny bride,
moſt pleaſant for to ſee,
But the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

There ſhall no ſhirt go on my back,
nor comb go in my hair,
Neither ſhall coal nor candle light,
ſhine in my bower mair,
Nor ſhall I chooſe another love,
until the day I die:
Since the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonny ſhip,
and ſet her on the ſea,
With ſevenſcore brave mariners,
to bear her company:

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There's threeſcore of them were ſunk,
and threeſcore di'd at ſea,
And the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

Their main-maſt was hewn down,
their yards and riggen's gone,
Their ropes and their anchors,
out o'er ſhip-board were thrown,
Out o'er the ſhip-board were blown,
by tempeſt in the ſea,
And the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

My love hath built another ſhip,
and ſet her on the main,
Yet hath not twenty mariners,
now for to bring her hame;
The weary wind did riſe again,
the ſeas began to rout,
My love then and his pretty ſhip,
turn'd widderſhins about.

New Holland is a barren place,
in it there grows no grain,
Nor yet no habitation,
within for to remain,
The ſugar canes are plenty,
the wine drops from the tree,
And the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

New Holland is a bonny place,
but it is ſcant of men,
Yet to conquer New-England,
is what they do intend:
For there is none can win them,
ſo well they know the ſea,

And the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

Be ſtill, be ſtill my daughter,
be ſtill and be content:
There are more lads in Galloway,
thou needs not ſo lament.
O there are none in Galloway,
not one that longs for me,
For I lov'd ne'er a love but one,
who's drowned in the ſea.

He was my comely proper youth,
I lov'd him as my heart,
But death has ta'en him from me,
which ſore affects my heart;
And ſince that he's departed
I'll mourn and weep always,
That e'er he went to Holland,
that was my earthly joys.

Unto the grave that he has gone,
who was my comely dear,
May Heav'n receive my ſoul to reſt,
and guide me while I'm here.
I'll ſtill lament in briniſh tears,
until the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

The JOLLY SAILOR'S WEDDING.

GIve my ſervice to the young man,
That lives in yon town below,
Tell him that I will go with him,
Whether my mother will or no.

With young Jamie I'll go wander,
Through the nations far abroad,
I've made a vow that I'll be married,
If my mother ſhould go mad.

O dear Jenny, O pray Jenny,
Let thy fooliſh talking be,
For young Jamie he's a ſailor,
And muſt ſerve his Majeſty.

If with Jamie you do marry,
And in the wars he ſhould be ſlain,
Then you're left a mournful widow,
Thus in ſorrow to complain.

Ripeſt apples, ſooneſt rotten,
Hotteſt love is ſooneſt cold,
Too fond maids are eaſy cozen'd,
But they're ſlighted when they're old.

O dear Katy you ſeem witty,
But your counſel is in vain,
For with Jamie I will marry,
Though my parents me diſdain.

A fig for gold, a fig for treaſure,
He's the riches I adore,
My delight's in a jovial ſailor,
And ſhall be for evermore.

Some delight for to be marry'd,
Other laſſes to be free,
But my delight's in a jovial ſailor,
For I know that he loves me.

Now briſk Jenny ſhe is married,
And is made a ſailor's wife,
This young ſailor briſk and jovial,
Vows he loves her as his life.

When her mother ſhe beheld him,
This young ſailor ſtout and bold,
To her daughter for a portion,
Freely did reſign her gold.

Two hundred pounds upon the table,
Willingly to them ſhe gave,
Saying you ſhall have my bleſſing,
While I have a day to live.

Trumpets ſounding, colours flying,
While the cannons they do roar,
Jovial ſailors loud huzzaing,
That had lately come on ſhore.

There was drinking, dancing, kiſſing,
While the muſic it did play,
At the noble ſailor's wedding,
For to crown the jovial day.

The SPORTING HAY-MAKERS.

IN the merry month of June,
in the prime time of the year,
Down in yonder Meadow,
there runs a river clear;
And many a little fiſh,
doth in that river play,
And many a lad and many a laſs,
went abroad in making hay.

In came a jolly ſcythe man,
to mow the meadow down,
With budget and with bottle
of ale that's ſtout and brown:

All labouring men of courage bold,
came there their ſkill to try,
Let's whet and blow, and ſtoutly mow,
for the graſs cuts very dry.

There's nimble Tib and Tom,
with pitch'fork and with rake,
There's Molly, Nell and Suſan,
came here their hay to make:
Sweet jug, jug, jug jug, ſweet jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing,
From morning until evening,
as they were a hay-making.

But when that bright Phœbus,
the ſun was going down,
A merry diſpoſed piper
approaching from the town,
Pull'd out his pipe and tabour,
diſpoſing for to play
Which made them all lay down their rakes,
and leave off making hay.

So joining with the dance,
we jig it on the green;
Though tired with our labour,
no wearineſs was ſeen;
All tripping like to fairies,
our dance we did purſue,
With leading up, and caſting off,
till the morning it's in view.

Then each lad he takes his laſs,
the morning being come
And lays her down on the hay-cock,
till the riſing of the ſun:

There ſporting all the time,
while the harmleſs birds do ſing,
Each lad doth riſe, and take his laſs,
and away to hay-making.

ABSENT JOCKEY.

MY Jockey is fled from the plain,
and left me in ſorrow to mourn,
Was ever ſo cruel a ſwain?
ah! when will the rover return;
No longer he pipes on his reed,
no longer his praiſes I'll tell,
Yet dull are the banks of the Tweed,
ſince Jockey has bid them farewel.

His crook he has broken in twain,
his ſheep and his lambkins now ſtray,
They bleet for their maſter in vain,
and careleſsly wander away;
Then haſte thou playſome ſhepherd ſo free,
and call the poor flocks to their home,
O! be to them kinder than he,
who caus'd the poor wanderers to roam.

Each virgin ſo happy and gay,
attend to the words I impart,
Be careful and cautious I pray,
how you give a young ſhepherd your heart,
Though Jockey was rural and neat,
to me was moſt loving and kind,
His manners were gentle and ſweet,
but cruelty grew in his mind.

FINIS.